

Please let there be no more

Dedicated to those who fought gallantly but did not succeed in the battle against breast cancer



Pa: Roland W. Peterson

As she pressed her dry
Lips on the fore head
With her trembling hand
She softly caressed the cold face

A face that is more beautiful
Than all the roses that surround her

It is quiet
All that's heard is the softly sobbing
Sobbing of an elderly mother
Saying farewell to her daughter

As she lay there
There was a look of tranquility
On her face
Silently a tear fell from a wrinkled cheek
Onto a rose
A rose that was cut in the prime of its bloom
Never would this rose bloom again
But her battle was fought gallantly until the end

As I gazed at this beautiful but sad scene
My thoughts drifted back
I was picturing all those faces
Faces of young and elderly women that passed on
Women in their prime
Women who lost the battle
Against the dreadful breast cancer

As I stood with my silent emotion
There was a lump in my throat
The elderly mother fell to her knees and whispered
softly

Dear Lord it's me again
Don't be mad
Forgive me for knocking on your door
It's you I turn to when I am sad
It's a burden we can't carry any more

Dear Lord, actually I don't
Know what to say
But please, please Lord
Protect and guide them
Keep them out of harm's way
Please Lord let there be a cure
I know you can for sure

The church bells started to ring
The choir started to sing
They carried her through the door
Please Lord, "please let there be no more".